

PRICE ONE CENT.

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EXTRA.
IN DAYS GONE BY.

Political Reminiscences of Some
of New York's Well-
Known Men.

Judge Blake's Funny Experiences in
"Saving Maine" in 1880.

The Shifting Audience at Kittery Prepared
for Major Purdy.

How Tom Grady Was Beguiled into
Addressing the Aborigines.

Ex-Judge Stephen S. Blake gained his
judicial title in Bridgeport, Conn. He was
Judge of the City Court four terms, but de-
clined a re-nomination in 1880, with the in-
tention of coming to New York, where a
wider field presented itself.

The biggest political joke that was ever
played on the Judge was perpetrated that
year. He had turned over his law practice
to a fellow-member of the bar of the Nut-
meg State, packed up his belongings, and
made every preparation to remove to the
metropolis, when he was surprised to re-
ceive information that the Democratic State
Convention had nominated him for Secre-
tary of State.



JUDGE BLAKE SMILED AS HE PACKED IN RE-
FLECTION.

Under the peculiar laws of Connecticut
requiring a candidate to receive more
votes than all other candidates combined,
the Republicans had pretty nearly a sure
thing, for every four corners in Connecti-
cut has an equal representation in the As-
sembly with the great Democratic cities,
and when no candidate has a majority of all
the votes the Legislature elects the State
officers.

Of course Judge Blake had about as much
chance of an election as he had of being
struck by lightning, but he was a party
man, and he had to stick and go
through the canvass.

An EVENING WORLD man dropped in at
the Centre street office of Blake & Sullivan
to chat with the old campaigner. To the
stereotyped query Judge Blake replied:

"I've been much interested in the political
reminiscences of my friends, particu-
larly 'Major' Purdy's 'Battle of Gettys-
burg.' I will vouch for the accuracy of
Purdy's story; for I was one of those who
helped to swell the flood of speakers that
Gen. Burnham sent into Maine in the in-
terests of Gen. Plafied in the gubernatorial
fight in the September election.

"It looked like a strong political move-
ment then, but 'blind sight is better than
foresight,' and looking back at it now it is
plain to see that 'carrying Maine' in Sep-
tember lost it and the country to us in the
Presidential election in November.

"We hustled and fought hard. We
elected Plafied. And then the Republi-
cans put all their energy into the canvass
in Ohio and Indiana, and with their stories
of Gen. Burnham's '100,000 miles' they
skinned us in the October elections in those
States. That settled Gen. Hancock's
chances forever.

"There was a lot of fun, though, up in
Maine."

"Judge Blake, who enjoys the most up-
perous joke with a quiet half-smile, a
twinkle of the eye and a peculiar side move-
ment of the head, twinkled and smiled just
a little as he paused in reflection.

"I was assigned to speak in the First
Congressional District of Maine—Carr Tom
Reed's district. Tom Reed was running,
and our candidate was Gen. Anderson. It
was a hard fight. We combated every inch
of ground, and Reed won by a bare 100
majority. It was so close that Gen. Ander-
son was declared elected at first, and I
wired my congratulations to him the day
after election.

"Gen. Ben Butler and I spoke together
in Biddeford one night. The weather was
oppressively warm, and the General suf-
fered intensely.

"When he got pretty well warmed up
with his speech the perspiration fairly
spurted from every pore. The General had
a large white silk handkerchief, and he
mopped his face and great bald head with a
vigor that only heightened his suffering.

"He was making a tremendous hit with
his speech. He was in perfect feather and
he had the great audience with him. He
was constantly interrupted by applause and
had everything his own way.

"But just as he was reaching a grand
climax to a most remarkable apostrophe,
in which there was a strain of sadness, I

was dumfounded to hear the assemblage
burst out in loud guffaws.

"Everybody laughed immoderately. The
General, not easily put out, paused and
turned that peculiar eye of his into the
various corners of the room in search of
the cause of the merriment.

"I looked, he looked. I could see nothing
funny anywhere. Neither could Butler.
He considered a moment, then took refuge
in the orator's staple subterfuge, he poured
out a glass of water and took a swallow.

"Then he reached for his handkerchief.
"This was the signal for wilder laughter
than ever. The audience fairly shrieked,
and the General, who had not found his
handkerchief on the table, smiled benignly.

"Sudden light had dawned upon him.
Coolly raising his hand he removed the big
handkerchief from the place where, in his
warmth and excitement, he had left it
—on his shining poll.



IN HIS EXCITEMENT HE HAD LEFT HIS HAND-
KERCHIEF UPON HIS HEAD.

"Gen. Butler bowed and smiled good
naturally, while the audience subsided,
and went on with his speech with the ut-
most composure.

"But speaking of Purdy. Purdy caught
a tartar at Kittery, just across the line
from Portsmouth, N. H. Kittery is peopled
by the employees of the Portsmouth Navy-
Yard.

"Purdy arose to address a remarkably
fine audience of ladies and gentlemen. The
house was full clear to the doors. Hunder-
eds of people could get no seats. Purdy
felt flattered. His reputation had preceded
him. The Committee whispered that there
was a host of Republicans in the house—on
the anxious seat, as it were.

"Purdy resolved to do his Democratic
duty and pray for them. He got beauti-
fully started, when, lo! the front row arose
and marched slowly up the aisle and out of
the hall.

"The score Democrats who had been
obliged to stand up came down from the
rear and took the vacated seats.

"In the middle of the next apostrophe
the second row arose and fled out, and an-
other score of horn-bounded Democrats
came from the rear and filled the seats
again.

"Presently a third section began to va-
cate, and then a fourth. Then it dawned
on 'Major' Purdy, of New York, that the
Republicans had been playing a joke on him.
They had sent the Navy Yard folks with
their families to occupy the seats and dis-
count the speaker by leaving the hall in
shambles.

"Purdy spoke an hour to a constantly
moving audience, one of the hardest tasks
imaginable.

"Wonder why Purdy didn't tell you that
story!"

"Tom Grady, full of eloquence and en-
thusiasm, followed the rest of us up to
Maine. He got off a train at Portland one
day, while I stood near by in anything but
a cheerful frame of mind.

"The President of the Boston and Maine
Railway had invited me to dine, sending the
invitation by a reporter. Goodwin of the
Boston Post, and I had been obliged to do
dine, because of an appointment to address
Gen. Burnham that evening. What made it
particularly aggravating was that I was to
speak in a little backwoods settlement, to
reach which I must travel all day.

"The instant I set eyes on the silver-
tongued Thomas, a deep, dark, diabolic plot
began to work in my brain. I met him with
an effusive welcome; walked up to the
hotel with him; incidentally mentioned
my invitation and the necessity of fore-
going the pleasure, for the railroad man
was a capital fellow and had a lovely home.

"Then, as if it had but just occurred to
me, I suggested that he go and speak in
my place, saying nothing, of course, about
the locality or character of my assignment.

"Of course, Tom Grady, accommodating
and enthusiastic, was eager to get into the
fray, said he'd go, and I made haste to re-
call my declaration of the dinner invitation.

"I spent a most enjoyable evening with
the charming family of the railroad man.
Next day, about noon, Tom Grady got back
from the scene of his maiden speech in
Maine.

"There was an ugly look on his boyish
face as he walked up the approach to the
hotel. I went out to him, and extending my hand,
asked how he enjoyed it and if he had a
rousing meeting.

"Some of the things he said were much
more forcible than polite.

"That was a fine dose," he exclaimed.
"A fine dose to give a man the first day
after riding out of the civilized world
about a hundred miles into the woods and
through the swamps I had to take to a
measly stage.

"I rode twenty miles up hill on the
blackest blanketed stage, and got to the end
of the earth. Then I'll be—yes, I will,
if they didn't take me in a buckboard four
miles further into the woods, and there
talked to a lot of lank-headed, lean and
cudguled moose hunters and lumbermen
in a shed.

"They were a mixture of Indian, French-
Canadian and Equinoman. I think, for
when they talked among themselves there
was only a word now and then that I could
understand.

"I humbly confessed, and expressed con-
fession and abject penitence; but Senator
Grady never quite got over that little joke."

WALL ST. READY TO SIGN.

STOCK REPORTS.

Trading in Shares Is Little Affected
by Secretary Windom's Death.

Silver Certificates Show a No-
table Decline.

Good Business in the Street in Lead-
ing Specialties—The Quotations.

The death of Secretary Windom had little ef-
fect on the stock market to-day. From the
opening there was a sharp demand for the
leading specialties, and the best prices of the
week were made in several instances.

Lake Shore rose to within a fraction of 110,
while Western Union touched 80 and Missouri
Pacific crossed 65.

Outside of the stocks mentioned there was an
advance of 1/16 to 1/8.

Near midday the rise invited realizations,
and under sales for the long account there was
a general reaction. Burlington & Quincy con-
tinued to be the weak water and fell to 85 1/2.

Bar silver declined in London to 46 1/2, per
ounce and paper rose to 8 1/4. The decline
is ascribed to the death of Secretary Windom.

Silver certificates showed a notable decline.
They were down to 100 1/2, and later sold at 102 1/2.

In the afternoon trading, the share market
was strong, with Union Pacific as the special
feature, the stock selling up to 45 1/2.

The strength of Union Pacific had a favor-
able influence on the general list, and the
market felt its sympathy.

The efforts to popularize the new sugar cer-
tificates have not been abandoned. To-day
the new common stock was bid up over 2
points to 72 1/2.

The preferred did not respond to the same
what a national advance in the common, and
closed at 87 1/2 against 87 1/2 yesterday. The
old trust certificates were marked up from
83 1/2 to 85 1/4.

The New York Stock Exchange
was 154,700 shares of listed stocks, 286,000
ounces of silver and 5,000 barrels of Pennsylv-
ania oil.

The Closing Quotations.

Pacific Mail.....	33 1/2	34 1/2	33 1/2	34 1/2
Phil. A. Reading.....	32 1/2	33 1/2	32 1/2	33 1/2
Rich. & West. Pac. Ter.	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2
Rich. & W. P. Ont. Ter. p. d.	73	74 1/2	73	73 1/2
St. Paul & Omaha.....	24 1/2	24 1/2	24 1/2	24 1/2
St. Paul & Duluth.....	24 1/2	24 1/2	24 1/2	24 1/2
St. Paul & Northern Pac.	108	103 1/2	101 1/2	102 1/2
Southern Pacific.....	24 1/2	24 1/2	24 1/2	24 1/2
Sugar Hill series.....	84 1/2	85	84 1/2	85
Texas Pacific.....	15	15	15	16
Union Pacific.....	10 1/2	10 1/2	10 1/2	10 1/2
Wabash.....	10 1/2	10 1/2	10 1/2	10 1/2
Wabash p. l.....	19 1/2	19 1/2	19 1/2	19 1/2
W. St. Union Ter.	10 1/2	10 1/2	10 1/2	10 1/2
Wholesale & Retail.....	30 1/2	31 1/2	30 1/2	30 1/2
Wholesale & L. K. p. l.....	70 1/2	72 1/2	70 1/2	72 1/2
Wis. Central.....	22	22	22	22